Chanson des nombreuses eaux

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Chanson des nombreuses eaux

by Bordementions

Summary

Happy fluffy furina reader stuff

Notes

OKAY OKAY BEFORE YOU READ PLEASE LISTEN TO ME LMFAO

If it wasn't apparant I am NOT a genshin writer nor player, I just have recently come to know about and adore furina with all of my heart. I know there is absolutely more depth to her character and I will explore that in future fics but I'm working off wiki pages and discord messages right now.

So just prepare for over the top happy fluffy sillay Furina basically headcanon stuff from someone who hasn't played but loves her and all the sillay discord gifs of her I have saved. In my head she is a glorious dramatic ouji prince prima donna that speaks in french sometimes.

The french is part translate and part me using a dictionary.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

You had envisioned a very different kind of service when you first donned the uniform of Fontaine's Royal Guard.

That pristine navy-and-gold coat, the shining pauldrons, the crisp white gloves—each piece of your attire signified duty, honor, and the solemn responsibility of protecting Fontaine and its Archon. You had trained for years, preparing to uphold justice with unwavering discipline.

You had imagined standing beside Chief Justice Neuvillette in the grand halls of the Opera Epiclese, maintaining order with an impassive gaze, deterring any and all who would dare disrupt Fontaine's peace.

You expected law. You expected duty. You expected greatness.

What you did not expect, was to be playing dress-up within your first week of service.

"Oh, but you simply must try it on!" Furina's voice rang through the grandiose chamber, echoing off the marble walls. "Fontaine's most beloved Archon commands it!"

You stood in rigid silence, every muscle in your body taut with professional restraint as the Hydro Archon circled you like a director envisioning the final act of her grandest play.

Several attendants hovered nearby, arms weighed down with garments adorned with ruffles, lace, and layers so flowing they seemed to defy gravity itself. Swathes of deep blues, shimmering silvers, and soft ivories—colors that mimicked Fontaine's rolling waves—were unfurled before your eyes in what could only be described as an assault on your sensibilities.

"Your silence speaks volumes," Furina mused, placing a gloved finger to her chin. "It tells me that you are overcome with awe, struck speechless by my impeccable taste!" She clasped her hands together, a

dreamy sigh escaping her lips. "Ah, and how magnificent it is! A hardened royal guard, sworn to justice, bound to duty, only to be ensnared in the inescapable clutches of elegance itself! The irony! The tragedy!"

You inhaled slowly, willing yourself to remain professional. "Lady Furina, I fail to see how this is necessary."

Her gasp was so sharp and scandalized that for a brief, horrifying moment, you genuinely feared you had just committed treason. That the next thing you would hear would be the sound of your own sentencing.

Instead, Furina threw her hands up in despair, spinning away from you with the dramatics of an actress playing to a full house. "Nécessaire? Nécessaire?!" she repeated, voice shrill with disbelief. She took a staggering step back, pressing a hand to her forehead as though she might faint. "Do not mock me with such cold, cruel pragmatism! Do you not realize that everything I do is of the utmost importance? This—" she gestured wildly at the silken garment being prepared for you, "—is not just clothing. It is an artistic statement! A declaration of Fontaine's cultural brilliance! As a member of the guard, it is your duty to uphold such splendor!"

You clenched your jaw, the rigidness of your posture the only thing keeping you from betraying even the smallest twitch of exasperation. "My duty is to ensure your safety—"

"And what is safety without style?" she interrupted, eyes gleaming with fervor. "Would you have me surrounded by dull, drab, unfashionable guards? Non, non, non! I shall not allow it! Fontaine's court is a stage, and every player upon it must be dressed for their role!"

You opened your mouth, but before you could utter another word of protest, Furina clapped her hands. The attendants swarmed.

Your every limb was suddenly restrained, tugged and posed as layers of impossibly soft fabric were draped over you. Ribbons were fastened. A ridiculous amount of pearl buttons were secured. An absurdly frilled collar was fluffed into place.

The mirror before you reflected the full extent of your humiliation. Intricate gold embroidery traced every line of the tailored ensemble, the fine craftsmanship undeniable—evidently, this scheme had been in motion long before you had arrived.

Furina stepped closer to admire her work, eyes gleaming with delight. "Oui! Magnifique! Oh, the contrast! A stalwart knight, forced to surrender to the whims of haute couture—oh, how the drama unfolds before my very eyes!" She spun on her heel, voice rich with smug satisfaction. "A moment like this should be captured in verse, painted in oil, sculpted in marble! I must commission an artist immediately—perhaps several!"

You opened your mouth, only to close it. "I—"

"Ah, ah, ah!" She waggled a finger, cutting you off. "No complaints! Not a single syllable of protest! Do you not see? This is a grand honor! To be personally styled by Fontaine's most revered star! Why, there are countless individuals who would perish for the chance to be in your position!"

You were quite certain you were about to perish from being in this position.

"And now—" Furina stated, making a spinning motion with her pointer finger, "—un tour."

You stared at her. "Un... tour?"

"A twirl," she repeated, her smile widening with unholy delight.

You inhaled sharply, fists clenching at your sides. You had fought against rogue operatives. You had trained in relentless, grueling conditions. You had pledged your service to Fontaine's highest authority.

And now, you twirled.

The layers of your meticulously embroidered attire flared out as you spun in place, and the moment your heels touched the ground once more, the room erupted into applause. The attendants clapped enthusiastically, making certain you were aware—beyond any doubt—that you looked spectacular .

Furina herself clasped her hands together, beaming as if she had just orchestrated the most breathtaking performance in the history of Teyvat. "Magnifique! Astounding! A true vision of grace, ma cher chevalier!" She exhaled, placing a dramatic hand over her heart. "Ah, but of course, I knew this would be the outcome."

You stood there, heat creeping up your neck, face burning with the

humiliation of it all. You doubted you would ever live this down.

Furina, on the other hand, had already moved on, linking her arm through yours with alarming enthusiasm. Before you could protest, she began to drag you forward, her stride filled with purpose.

"Come, come! This has been so terribly, utterly exhausting, and I require cake to replenish my artistic energies! Non, deux gâteaux! And tea, naturellement—what is a tea party without distinguished company?" She cast you a sly glance, blue eyes twinkling. "And I do believe you have earned a seat at my table, n'est-ce pas?"

You hesitated, unsure if declining was even within your realm of options. "I—yes, Lady Furina."

With a sigh, you allowed yourself to be pulled along, the silk of your new outfit billowing behind you.

But as the bounding Archon tugged you forward with all the enthusiasm of a child showing off a prized doll, you quickly realized an imminent problem—mobility, or rather, the complete lack of it.

The boots of a Fontaine royal guard were designed for stability, traction, and swift movement. These heels, however, were precarious at best, and an upcoming ankle injury at worst.

Every step felt like a carefully calculated risk, and the flowing fabric of your newly bestowed attire only made matters worse, swirling and tangling around your legs like an ill-tempered sea creature determined to see you fall.

Meanwhile, Furina glided effortlessly across the floor, her steps as fluid as the tides themselves. She barely even glanced back, entirely confident that you would follow.

"Do hurry up!" she called over her shoulder, impatience slipping into her tone. "Must I remind you that I am a very busy Archon? My schedule is packed full with all sorts of terribly important matters!"

You knew that was an outright lie. In fact, you knew it for certain, because you were the one who had written her schedule for the day.

That thought was violently interrupted as your foot caught on the hem of your dress. A split second of weightlessness, and suddenly you were

stumbling forward, barely managing to catch yourself before you met the marble floor face-first.

Furina turned at the sound, pausing to observe your near catastrophe. "Oh, how cruel fate can be. To bestow upon one such noble features, yet such désastreuse inelegance."

Grinding your teeth, you straightened your posture and took a determined step forward. "Lady Furina, this is no one's fault but yours," you insisted.

Only to immediately brace yourself against a nearby table to prevent what could only be described as self-inflicted blunt force head trauma.

Furina merely smiled, not an ounce of remorse in sight.

"You are floundering like a fish cast upon dry land," Furina observed smugly, tilting her head as she watched your struggle. "Ah, but do not despair! For I, in my boundless generosity and infinite patience, shall bestow upon you a gift most precious." She pressed a delicate hand against her chest, eyes shining with self-satisfaction. "A chance— non , an honor —to practice under my divine tutelage. Think of this as a developmental opportunity !"

You resisted the very strong urge to remind her that royal guards did not, in fact, require developmental opportunities in wearing heels and flowing gowns.

Before you could formulate a response, Furina clapped her hands together, her impatience manifesting in a dramatic huff. " Assez bavardé! Enough dawdling! The cake awaits! If you do not move with haste, I shall be forced to consume your portion as well!"

Summoning all the balance you possessed, you did your best to keep up, each wobbly step a battle against the treacherous footwear and the sea of fabric swirling around you. Eventually—miraculously—you arrived at her preferred dining location, a grand tea table positioned at the back of the room.

The glass doors behind it opened onto a balcony that overlooked Fontaine, the golden glow of the afternoon sun bathing the room in soft light. The table itself was a masterpiece of excess—fine porcelain cups, delicate golden cutlery, and an obscene avalanche of pastries.

Towering stacks of cakes, intricately designed macarons, delicate fruit tarts—each arranged so meticulously they looked more like an art

exhibition than an afternoon snack.

Furina wasted no time in ushering you toward a chair, her hands pressing firmly against your shoulders. You barely had a second to resist before she forced you down with an alarming amount of strength for someone who spent most of her time dancing and eating cake.

Clapping her hands once more, she barely had to lift a finger before an attendant appeared, pouring steaming tea into an elegant cup with practiced precision. Furina picked up her own cup with a practiced grace, lifting it toward her lips—only to pause mid-sip. Her gaze flickered toward you, narrowing slightly.

"Well? Go on," she urged, expectantly tapping a gloved finger against the rim of her cup. "Surely you do not expect me to dine alone? Quelle tragédie! Why, it would be an affront to the very dignity of this nation. Moi, the Hydro Archon, abandoned at her own table? I mean, you would never."

Unthinkable. Truly.

So, with no further room for protest, you lifted the fine porcelain cup and took a sip.

Furina eyes bover her cup clearly showed a smile. " Voilà! There! Was that so difficult?" She leaned forward, blue eyes gleaming. "You must learn to embrace the finer aspects of life! This is culture , ma cher chevalier! Raffinement! Why, if all you do is skulk about, brooding and grim, you shall wither into an unsightly husk of wasted potential."

You set the cup down carefully, schooling your expression into something impassive. "Lady Furina, I do not skulk—"

"You do ," she interrupted with absolute certainty, waving a dismissive hand. "You absolutely do. Lurking about, all brooding and serious—why, it is as if you are rehearsing for the role of a mysterious and tragically doomed hero."

Funny.

Furina giggled, clearly pleased with herself, before elegantly plucking a fork from the table and pointing it toward a decadent slice of cake. "Now, assez parlé ! Enough distractions! Mange! I will hear no protests! Eat."

Defeated, you picked up a fork and took a small bite.

The rich, sweet flavors melted on your tongue, and despite yourself, you had to admit—it was exquisite .

Furina, of course, noticed immediately. Somehow, she managed to detect even the barest shift in your expression—if only she put that much effort into, well… perhaps anything else .

"Ah-ha!" She sat up straight, triumph written all over her face. "See? Je l'avais dit! I knew it! You do have taste after all!" She pointed at you with the fork, a smirk curling at her lips. "It's alright, you may go ahead and admit that you were wrong. That my cakes are the greatest culinary artistry to ever grace your palais."

You swallowed the bite, wondering if it was possible to be court-martialed for assaulting your Archon with a slice of cake.

Furina, however, was already twirling a spoon between her fingers, eyes alight with mischief. "Now, tell me, mon cher gardien —have you ever danced at a grand soirée ?"

You stiffened. No, no, no—you absolutely did not have time for this.

"Lady Furina—"

"Ah, that tone! That hesitation!" She gasped, leaning forward, eyes sparkling with delight. "C'est donc vrai! You haven't! Mon dieu! This is unacceptable!" She pressed a hand to her forehead, shaking her head in despair. "Truly, how have you survived in Fontaine's most elite circle without ever partaking in its most elegant tradition? Oh, this will not do!"

"Lady Furina," you began, grasping for whatever shred of professionalism you could muster, "I must return to my duties. My shift begins within minutes, and as a member of Fontaine's royal guard, it is imperative that I—"

"Yes, yes, terribly important," she interjected, waving a dismissive hand even as she rose to her feet, her chair scraping softly against the marble floor. "But more importantly , I have just made a most wondrous decision!"

A sinking sense of dread settled in your stomach.

"I shall personally correct this grievous injustice—the fact that you

have never properly danced!" She clasped her hands together, the soft paff of her gloves emphasizing the finality of the decision.

You made another attempt. "Lady Furina, I understand your concern, but I truly must—"

"Ah! No need to fret, dear attendant! You need not thank me for my kindness!" She was already circling behind you, and before you could react, you were up again. "Come, come! The hour is upon us!"

You barely had time to open your mouth before she pulled .

The momentum sent you stumbling to your feet, the heels proving themselves—once again—to be your greatest nemesis. Your body tilted dangerously forward, and for a single, harrowing moment, you were certain you were about to faceplant onto the floor.

But then—graceful, effortless—Furina caught you.

Her grip was steady, her frame deceptively strong despite her petite stature. For a fleeting second, her blue eyes met yours, filled with amusement.

Then, with a triumphant smirk, she whispered, "Ne t’en fais pas, chevalier. You are in capable hands."

That was a couple moments ago, the only thing you were hearing now was harsh, unfettered criticism.

"Premièrement, la posture!" Furina declared with passion, her gloved fingers meticulously adjusting your stance as if sculpting a work of art. "Non, non, non! That will simply not do! Stand straighter! Chin up! Ah, quelle horreur, your arm placement is atrocious." She tsked, lifting your hand higher before promptly deciding that it was, in fact, too high, and nudging it slightly downward again. "Mon dieu! Have you always been this stiff, or is this a special occasion?"

"Lady—"

She dived forwards, your hand in hers.

You barely had time to react before instinct forced you to move with her, lest you face the indignity of toppling over like a felled tree. The heels betrayed you, the dress entangled you, but Furina? She moved like water, effortlessly gliding across the chamber while you floundered in her wake.

You must have made quite the sight—a soldier, trained in combat, reduced to clinging onto your Archon for dear life.

"Lady Furina," you tried again, gritting your teeth as she spun you—spun you, as if you were some dainty court performer rather than a warrior meant to be standing at attention. "I must report to duty—immediately."

"Oui, oui, duties, obligations, protecting the grand nation, all very noble, I'm sure," she sang, nodding as if she were actually listening. Yet, her grip did not loosen. "However! One must ask: What is a royal guard who cannot waltz? A disgrace, a shame upon the proud traditions of Fontaine, that's what! Franchement, would you truly sully the name of our elite force with such a lack of refinement?"

"That is not—"

"Tsk! Back straight! Plus de grâce!"

"Feet apart—no, not like that! Do you intend to trample my toes?"

"Anyways, yes, yes, I'm sure your duties are terribly important," she went on, her expression turning comically grave for a split second before splitting into a delighted grin. "But this is far more pressing. Consider it a refinement of poise—an essential skill for those who serve under my court!"

You ground your teeth. "That is not how any of this works—"

"It is now !"

Without warning, she dipped you.

"W-wait— Eeeeah!"

A sharp gasp ripped from your throat—no, not a gasp, a full-fledged, undignified yelp of pure terror, the kind that might lead one to believe the Archon had taken it upon herself to stab you with a cake fork. Repeatedly.

Furina, in response, let out a delighted giggle before dissolving into outright laughter. "Oh mon dieu!" she gasped between laughs, her voice lilting with wicked amusement. " Quel spectacle! I knew you were secretly delicate, but to hear you cry out so dramatically? What a surprise!"

Your breath caught as your balance was thrown off yet again, but somehow, she supported you with infuriating ease, as if your flailing weight were no burden at all. Her heterochromatic eyes glowed with mischief as she gazed down at you, practically radiating smug satisfaction.

"For someone so strong, you are shockingly reliant on my guidance," she mused, her voice positively full of delight. "Why, you are practically entrusting your life to me! What trust! What devotion!"

Your grip on her waist tightened slightly, and the moment she allowed it, you wrenched yourself upright. "LADY FURINA!"

She heaved a dramatic sigh. "Oh, very well, very well, you may protest— after the next sequence!"

"Eh?"

"See?" she hummed, effortlessly leading you through the next step. "Already, you improve! Merveilleux! Why, by the time we are finished, you shall be the envy of Fontaine's court!"

You were fairly certain that, if your fellow guards could see you now, envy would be the last thing on their minds. Abject horror, perhaps. Maybe pity.

"Lady Furina—"

A spin.

"Lady Furina—!"

A twirl.

"Lady—!"

Another dip .

You barely strangled down another yelp, your breath coming short from both exertion and frustration. Meanwhile, Furina looked positively radiant, beaming as if this were the most entertaining thing she had done all week. Which, knowing her, it probably was. With you positively all over her , even if it was unwilling.

After a particularly harrowing turn, you finally managed to plant your

feet firmly and hold your ground. "Lady Furina! I must return to my post immediately!"

Furina blinked up at you.

A long pause.

Then, she gasped .

"Could it be?" She placed a hand over her chest, eyes widening in mock devastation. "Are you really, truly refusing an invitation to dance with me...? That you will never dance with me again..?"

"That is not—"

"Oh, the heartbreak! Oh, the betrayal!" She staggered back, as if struck by lightning. "Est-ce donc la vérité? Has my loyal attendant grown so cold, so unfeeling ? Ah! Quelle cruauté! Quelle trahison!"

You exhaled through your nose, pressing your fingers to your temple as she sniffled theatrically, shoulders shaking with exaggerated woe. Mere moments away from collapsing on the floor and bleeding out from an imaginary gunshot.

"Perhaps... I was wrong about you," she mused, turning away with a tragic sigh. "Perhaps... my faith in you was misplaced ..."

This was absurd. This was utterly, completely absurd.

But you had long since realized that when it came to Furina, logic and reason had no place.

So with great reluctance, you extended your hand.

Furina, peeking over her shoulder, stilled—just for a moment. Then, as if she had been waiting for this exact moment, her lips curled into a triumphant smirk, the very embodiment of victory. A knowing glint flickered in her eyes, and you already knew what she was going to say.

"Ah! Alors, tu possèdes bel et bien un coeur!" she declared, her voice ringing with exultant delight as she clasped your hand. "Quelle surprise! I was beginning to think you were but a machine in human form!"

You sighed, already regretting your decision, but Furina wasted no time reveling in her win. She tugged you back into motion with a

spark, effortlessly guiding you once again through the intricate steps of the dance. The heels remained treacherous, the dress still a hindrance, but you had accepted your fate—for this one final dance.

Or so you desperately hoped.

Furina, of course, looked positively silly with all of her smug satisfaction. She barely seemed to register the effort it took to lead, her movements as light and effortless as a feather carried by the wind.

"Ahhh," she sighed, tilting her head back as if basking in some grand revelation. "A most unexpected delight, indeed! And here I thought you completely hopeless. But non! My dear, dear attendant has proven to be quite the dance partner! If I had known earlier, I would have taken you to the Opera Epiclese for a proper performance!"

You exhaled sharply, unimpressed. "One more dance, Lady Furina. That is all."

"Oui, oui, bien sûr." She nodded, far too quickly to be sincere. "One more, as you say."

Somehow, you did not believe her.

Yet you endured. You endured the steps, the twirls, the leaps she added purely for her own amusement. And when at last the dance slowed, when Furina finally ceased spinning you like a marionette in some absurd courtly performance, you wasted no time in making your stance clear. Not even properly addressing her.

"There." Your voice was firm, your breath steady despite the irritation simmering beneath the surface. "There is your dance."

Furina pouted.

"Must you always be so dreadfully serious?" she lamented, releasing your hand with a melodramatic sigh. "What a tragedy! My most devoted attendant, forever bound by duty, never once indulging in life's finer pleasures..." She shook her head, as if the mere thought pained her.

You took a step back, already preparing your escape. "It is not a tragedy. It is my job. And I have been putting it off for the last 2 hours to indulge you."

"Ugh! Even your words are dull!" She sighed allowed, walking off to

one of her dressers to retrieve something. "Truly, I pity you! Shackled so mercilessly to responsibility—how terribly joyless your life must be. However…!"

You stiffened. The shift in her tone sent a prickle of unease up your spine.

Before you could react, she reached into the folds of her dress and pressed something into your palm.

A small, neatly wrapped package.

You blinked, glancing down at it. The wrapping was delicate, the ribbon tied into an elaborate bow—far too elegant for what you suspected was likely some new method of torment.

"Un cadeau pour toi," Furina announced, beaming. "A most generous offering from Fontaine's beloved Archon! You will accept it, of course."

You sighed, tucking the package away without another word.

Furina clasped her hands together, looking positively delighted. "Ah! How my heart soars to see you treasure my gifts so!" she cooed. "Very well, then! You may take your leave, reluctantly, as I most magnanimously permit your return to duty."

You gave a stiff bow—not out of genuine courtesy, but simply to end this ordeal—and turned on your heel.

Your armor. Your station. Your sanity.

You needed to reclaim them now.

Yet somehow, putting on your armor had never been so difficult.

The layers, the buckles, the weight—normally, they were second nature, donned without thought, an extension of yourself. But now?

Now, it was an uphill battle.

The dress had left you feeling displaced, as though you had been forced into someone else's skin. Your movements felt sluggish, unnatural, and worst of all—you had no time.

You fastened the buckles with more force than necessary, cursing under your breath as the minutes continued to slip past. Your lateness

was inexcusable.

By the time you stormed into position at your station, you were already bracing for reprimand. Yet, as luck—or misfortune—would have it, the halls were quiet. No commanding officers in sight to witness your humiliating delay.

But there was one person who saw.

A familiar, smirking face.

Furina.

She strolled past in all her usual theatrical grandeur, head held high, expression absolutely brimming with self-satisfaction. Her gait was effortless, her pace unhurried, and when she caught sight of you—disheveled, frustrated, barely clinging to your composure—her lips curled into the most wickedly pleased smile you had ever seen.

She did not stop.

She did not slow.

She merely tilted her head ever so slightly as she passed, voice dripping with amusement as she murmured—

"You're late."

You inhaled deeply, forcing yourself to remain composed. To stay rooted in professionalism. To not immediately throw your helmet at her in sheer, exasperated vengeance.

Furina only giggled, utterly delighted by your suffering.

Then, with an airy hum, she waltzed further down the hall—leaving you fuming in silence.

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End Notes

Sillay woman

Also woohoo we reached 40 people in the disc love you guys

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!